

LEADING
No. 8
FALL
ISSUE

Ten Cents



Ledding COMICS



1843

1943

GO BACK
THROUGH THE
CENTURIES
WITH THE
**SEVEN SOLDIERS
OF VICTORY!**

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of the*

**SUPERMAN DC
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*Because the War Production Board has ordered all publishers to use 50% less paper than in 1943, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bimonthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight times and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice in 1943.

GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by **JOSETTE FRANK,**

Director of Children's Reading,

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

PX

By Malcolm Taylor

It was the year 1969. Harold Vane lost in the fog while piloting his plane over the English Coast heard a strange radio beam sending the letters **PX**. Forced to land before he could get his bearings, he fell into the hands of a mysterious group of plotters at a secret landing field that was unknown to the authorities.

Held captive for a night and then released, Vane found his way to London, but determined to investigate the mystery. Enlisting the aid of his friend, John Heaton, the two boys did some heavy sleuthing and faced many personal dangers to track down the plotters and find out its meaning.

Together they had secretly built a super-plane which they had planned to use in the interest of world peace. How they accomplished their mission and discovered what **PX** stood for makes an exciting and unusual story.

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

We are all thrilled by the gallant actions of our fighting men. But we have come to expect that as soon as America really gets into stride, it will be all over but the shouting. As a result, people feel that they can relax their war efforts . . . take it easy. Supermen of America however, will not relax their efforts until the last shot is fired! They will continue to collect scrap; buy war bonds and stamps; assist their local committees in every way possible; making sure that not one single thing that can be done to insure victory will be left undone. Their motto now is VICTORY!

Sincerely yours,
CLARK KENT

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Venus No. 2)

C IQQF DWA—DWA YCT DQPFU CPF UVCORU!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose the cover cost or mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Election and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

CHAPTER 1

DIABOLICAL IS THE WORD FOR THE DUMMY... THAT DIMINUTIVE DESPERADO WHO HAS MORE THAN ONCE COME CLOSE TO VANQUISHING THE VIGILANTE!... AND DIABOLICAL IS THE DUMMY'S SUCCESS IN CRIME.. UNTIL THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY COMBINE TO CLOSE IN ON THE MURDEROUS MANNIKIN'S MOB!.. THEN, IN DESPAIR, AT THE VERY MOMENT WHEN DEFEAT STARES HIM IN THE FACE, THE DUMMY DEVISES A PLAN TO DOOM THE LEGIONNAIRES TO A FATE THEY HAD NEVER IN THEIR WILDEST DREAMS FORESEEN .. A FATE THAT CONDEMNS THEM TO BE ...

"EXILES IN TIME!"



1943

IN A QUIET AND UNSUSPECTED RETREAT, THE DUMMIE, SINISTER SERVITOR OF EVIL, PACES RESTLESSLY BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH...

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO FLOPEARS AND THE OTHERS! THEY SHOULD HAVE REPORTED LONG BEFORE THIS!

MY NEW CRIME ORGANIZATION IS TOO PERFECT FOR MISTAKES TO OCCUR! I'M TOO BIG NOW FOR EVEN THE VIGILANTE TO HARM ME!

ARRRNG!

HELLO... FLOPEARS?

BOSS, DIS IS GAT GUNN! SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! DA CRIMSON AVENGER AND HIS PAL CAUGHT FLOPEARS AND DA REST OF HIS MOB!

THE CRIMSON AVENGER! WHAT'S HE DOING, CROSSING MY TRAIL? IT MUST BE AN ACCIDENT...

AN ACCIDENT? OH, NO DUMMY! HALF AN HOUR LATER...

BOSS, DIS IS KNUCKLES! DA OTHER BOYS ARE IN DA HOOSEROW! DA SHININ' KNIGHT NABBED THEM!

YOU FOOL, YOU MUST HAVE BUNGLED THINGS! THE SHININ' KNIGHT ISN'T EVEN AWARE OF THIS ORGANIZATION OF MINE!

BUT HARDLY HAS THE DUMMY HUNKS UP WHEN---ARRRNG!

BOSS, WE GOT AWAY, BUT WAS WE LUCKY? WE HAPPENED TO RUN INTO DA GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY...

THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY? THIS IS BECOMING INCREDIBLE... FANTASTIC...

YES. WHAT'S THE BAD NEWS THIS TIME?

I DON'T KNOW HOW YA GUessed IT, BOSS.. BUT JUST AS WE WAS GONNA FULL OFF THE JOB, WHO SHOULD COME ALONG BUT THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPSY!

DAGUE AUSES IN THE PINT-SIZED
PRINCE OF PILFERERS! ONCE
MORE, BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND
FORTH...

THERE CAN BE ONLY
ONE EXPLANATION! THE
VIGILANTE KNEW HE COULDN'T
COPE WITH MY FAR-FLUNG OR-
GANIZATION ALONE. SO HE CALLED
TOGETHER THE SEVEN SOLDIERS
OF VICTORY. BUT I'LL SHOW
THEM...

I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE
OTHERS... THIS REPORT MUST
BE ABOUT THE VIGILANTE
HIMSELF! BLINKY'S SHREWD
...MAYBE...

ME TOO, BOSS! DA
VIGILANTE'S AFTER
ME, AND I CAN'T
SHAKE HIM! WE BETTER
CALL THIS JOB OFF!

BLINKY!
I WAS
WONDERING...

NO, YOU'RE TO GO
RIGHT AHEAD! LISTEN...
BZZ... BZZ... BZZ...

BUT, BOSS, DAT'S
DANGEROUS! I CAN'T...
OKAY, BOSS, IF YOU
SAY SO!!!

GOSH, IF DA DUMMY DIDN'T
TELL ME TO DO IT HIMSELF,
I WOULDN'TA BELIEVED IT!
BUT ORDERS IS ORDERS!

AND SO, SOME TIME LATER,
AH, THERE, HE IS! I WAS
AFRAID THE VARMINT MIGHT
GET AWAY FROM
ME! JUST ONE
FALSE MOVE
FROM HIM, AND...

IMAGINE ME
DOIN' THIS! BUT
THAT'S WHAT THE
DUMMY ORDERED!

GOT YOU, RATTLER!
I'LL PICK UP
YOUR PARDNER
LATER!

VIGILANTE!
DON'T HIT ME...
I GIVE UP!

NO LIES YOUR ASKIN' ME,
VIGILANTE... I AIN'T.
GONNA SQUEAL ON THE
DUMMY! HE'D KILL ME!

KEEP YOUR
HANDS UP, SIDE-
WINDER! I'M
GONNA SEARCH
YOU... MAYBE I'LL FIND
SOMETHIN' USEFUL THAT
WAY!

A RAILROAD TICKET TO
LITTLETOWN! SO THAT'S WHERE
THAT FINT-SIZED COYOTE IS
PROBABLY HIDIN' OUT! YOU
WERE GOING TO JOIN HIM!

YOU'RE
WRONG,

VIGILANTE,
ALL WRONG! (I HOPE THE
DUMMY GETS ME OUT OF JAIL,
LIKE HE
PROMISED!)

SOME TIME LATER, THE VIGILANTE PLACES HIS
DISCOVERY BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED SOLDIERS
OF VICTORY...

PARDNERS, WE ROUNDED
UP ALL OF THE DUMMY'S
SCATTERED MOBS—
AND IT LOOKS LIKE
WE FINALLY GOT A
CLUE TO WHERE THE
DUMMY HIMSELF IS
OPERATIN' FROM!

AND THIS
BLINKY WAS
ANXIOUS TO
DENY IT, HUH?
YES, IT DOES
SEEM
PROMISING.

LET'S RUN
OVER TO
LITTLETOWN
AND PUT
THE LITTLE
MONKEY IN
THE CASE
WHERE HE
BELONGS!

AND SO, SHORTLY...

I BEEN INQUIRIN'
AND I'VE LEARNED THAT
A LITTLE MAN BY THE
NAME OF DOMBEY LIVES
FURTHER DOWN THE
ROAD!

LITTLE, EH
CAN'T BE
ANY DOUBT
ABOUT THE
DUMMY NOW!
LET'S GO!

SAY, I THOUGHT THE
MAIN ROAD LED TO THE
DUMMY'S PLACE! BUT ALL
THESE SEEM TO GO IN
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!

MAYBE THEY COME
TOGETHER AGAIN! IN
ANY CASE, LET'S SPLIT
UP, AND EACH OF US
FOLLOW ONE OF THEM!
IN THAT WAY WE'LL BE SURE
TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT
ONE!

HUH, SOME SECONDS LATER...

SOMETHIN' AINT RIGHT! THE
DUMMY'S TOO FULL OF TRICKS
TO BE CAUGHT UNAWARE!
HE OUGHTA BE SHOWIN'
HIMSELF SOON...

SUDDENLY, THE GROUND SEEMS TO RISE BENEATH THE FEET OF THE ADVANCING LESSENAIRES...

HEY, THE GROUND'S COMIN' UP TO HIT ME!

A TRAP! COLLAPSIBLE ROADS!

HOW DO YOU DO, GENTLEMEN? I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT I HAVE YOU IN THE PALM OF MY HAND!

IF I COULD BUT

DISANTANGLE VICTORY'S WINGS, WE MIGHT YET WIN FREE!



BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR THAT, SIR, JUSTIN! THIS ONCE THE MINIATURE MENACE HAS THE UPPER HAND! ... AND PRESENTLY...

OBSERVE, GENTLEMEN, THIS TIME-MACHINE, WHICH I HAVE SECURED FROM THE INVENTOR FOR-ER-A-SONG! YOUR MEDDLING HAS INTERFERED SERIOUSLY WITH MY PLANS, AND I'M TIRED OF IT!

A TIME-MACHINE! IT CAN'T BE!

I SHALL THEREFORE SEND EACH OF YOU INTO A DIFFERENT PERIOD OF THE PAST! I SHALL LOOK IN UPON YOU FROM TIME TO TIME TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU ARE MISERABLE! HA, HA!

YOU FIRST, VISALANTE! TOO BAD YOU'RE NEVER COMING BACK!

HUH... WHERE'D HE GO?

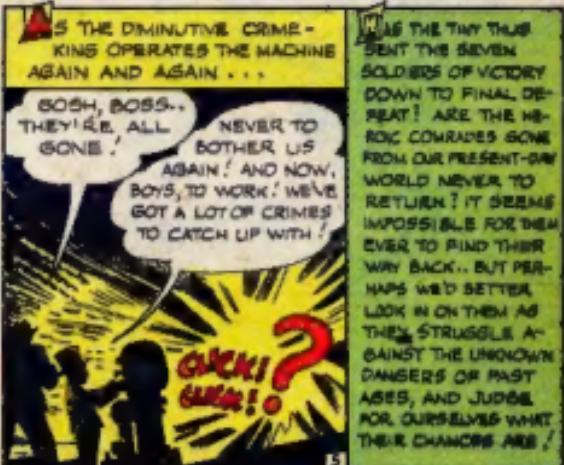


WHERE YOU, TOO, ARE GOING, YOU MEDDLING FOOL... INTO THE DISTANT PAST!



AS THE DIMINUTIVE CRIME-KING OPERATES THE MACHINE AGAIN AND AGAIN...

BOOSH, BOSS... THEY'RE ALL NEVER TO GONE! AGAIN! AND NOW, BOYS, TO WORK! WE'VE GOT A LOT OF CRIMES TO CATCH UP WITH!



WAS THE TINY THUG SENT THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY DOWN TO FINAL DEFEAT? ARE THE HEROIC COMRADES GONE FROM OUR PRESENT-DAY WORLD NEVER TO RETURN? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THEM EVER TO FIND THEIR WAY BACK.. BUT PERHAPS IT'D BETTER LOOK IN ON THEM AS THEY STRUGGLE AGAINST THE UNKNOWN DANGERS OF PAST AGES, AND JUDGE FOR OURSELVES WHAT THEIR CHANCES ARE!

Chapter II

SENT SPEEDING
THROUGH THE
CENTURIES BY

THE MALICIOUS MANNIKIN'S CUNNING, THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY DISCOVER OLD FRIENDS...AND MAKE A NEW ENEMY MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY THEY HAVE YET ENCOUNTERED! THEIR FOE'S LIGHTEST WORD IS LAW, AND HIS FROWN SPELLS DEADLY PERIL, AS THE ADVENTURERS OF PAST AND PRESENT SEEK TO SMASH THE OLD-FASHIONED FRAME-UP AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIDDLE OF...

"The Queen's Necklace!"



Whistling through space and time, the Green Arrow and Speedy trace a dizzy path back through the years...

AND COME TO A HALT AT LAST
IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS
OF A PAST ERA...

WHERE ARE WE?
OR, MAYBE I SHOULD
SAY WHEN ARE WE?



...THE THREE MUSKETEERS!

HMM...? THE
THREE MUSKETEERS?
GEE, THEY WERE
ALWAYS HEROES
OF MINE!



BUT I NEVER
REALIZED THEY
WERE SO FUNNY-
LOOKING!

NOM D'UN NOM,
WHO DARES TO JEST
AT THE APPEARANCE
OF ARAMIS?

I DIDN'T
REALIZE HE WAS SO
TOUCHY, G.A.!
AND I'M NOT TAK-
ING ANY CHAN-
GES OF GETTING
HIT ON A TEN-
DER SPOT
MYSELF...



DROP THAT
STICKER, ARAMIS!

PARBLEU!
SO YOU TRIFLE
WITH ME? YOU HAVE
CONDENMED YOURSELF
TO DEATH!

AND NOW THE HEROES OF THE PAST
FACE THE HEROES OF THE TWENTIETH
CENTURY IN WHAT THREATENS TO BE A GRIM
BATTLE...

LUCKY OUR
OLD PAL D'ARTAGNAN
ISN'T WITH THEM! THAT
WOULD MAKE THE ODDS
A LITTLE TOO
MUCH!

WHAT? THEY ARE
FRIENDS OF
D'ARTAGNAN? AH,
MES AMIS, WE ARE
MAKING A GREAT
MISTAKE!



WE SHOULD BE FIGHTING ON THE SAME SIDE, NOT AGAINST EACH OTHER!

OWWW, DON'T BE SO FRIENDLY! YOU'RE KILLING ME WITH KINDNESS!

BUT NOW, AS ALL SEEKS PEACEFUL ONCE MORE... ENTER TROUBLE IN THE FORM OF THE KING'S GUARDS!

THERE ARE THE MUSKeteers WE SEEK! ARREST THEM IN THE NAME OF THE KING! THEY HAVE STOLEN THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE!

THE THREE MUSKeteers—CROOKS? IMPOSSIBLE, G.A.! I'M SURE THEY'D NEVER STEAL ANYTHING.

AND I DON'T THINK THEY'LL SUBMIT TO ARREST! GET SET TO SEE SOME SMART DUELING, SPEEDY!

NOM D'UN COCHON! I SHALL SLICE YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!

THEY SEEM TO LIKE THAT EXPRESSION! I WONDER IF THEY REALLY MEAN IT!

I THINK THEY SOUND A LITTLE BLOODTHIRSTIER THAN THEY REALLY ARE!

BUT THEY'RE PRETTY TOUGH AT THAT! I DISARM THEE, FOOL, BUT SPARE THY LIFE!

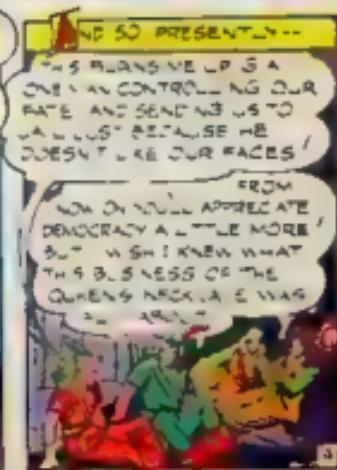
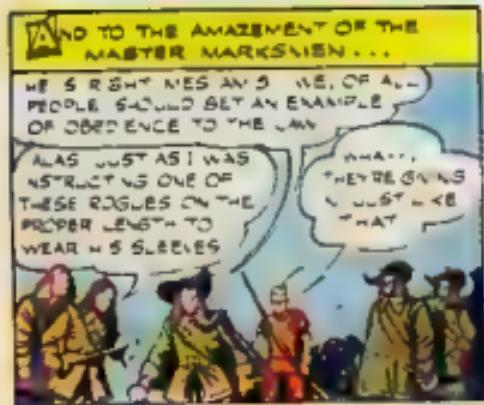
I DO NOT LIKE THE WAY YOU WEAR YOUR FEATHER, MON AMI! IT'LL SUIT YOUR STYLE OF UGLINESS!

ARAMIS SURE WORRIES A LOT ABOUT APPEARANCES, G.A.!

THIS IS ONE TIME WE CAN TAKE THINGS EASY, SPEEDY! THE THREE MUSKeteers HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

SO YOU NUMSKULLS THINK I AM A THIEF, EH?

SOP!



MARQUEE, THAT IS ENOUGH.
THE KING PRESENTED
THE QUEEN WITH A STRING OF
PEARLS AT HER BIRTHDAY.
AND PRESENTED HER ANOTHER,
JUST LIKE IT ON HER
BIRTHDAY.

SOME DAY NOT THERE
ATTACKED THE PALACE, AND STOLE
THE NECKLACE FROM BEHIND THE
NOSES OF THE GUARDS. NO
WONDER THE KING IS ENRAGED.

BUT WHY PICK ON THE MUS-
KETEERS? WHAT EVIDENCE
CONNECTS YOU WITH THE CRIME?

NO EVIDENCE
WON'T CUT. BUT A CRIME
HAS BEEN COMMITTED AND
THE CRIMINALS MUST BE
FOILED, AND SOME OF THE
KING'S STRONGEST ADVIS-
ERS DO NOT LIKE US. SO,
HERE WE ARE!

AND WE CAN EXPOSE
IT BY FINDING THE REAL
THEF!

EASIER SAID
THAN DONE. MY
YOUNG FRIEND,
BEFORE YOU CAN
EXPOSE ANYTHING,
YOU MUST ESCAPE
FROM THIS DUNGEON!

WHY IS NOTHING
BUT A CRIME-UP?

AND THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
EVEN MY GREAT STRENGTH
CANNOT MOVE THESE
WALLS!

WE'VE
BEEN IN TOUGHER
SPOTS THAN THIS BEFORE,
AND WE'RE GOING TO GET
OUT OF THIS ONE. I STICK
TO MY PLAN.

HASTY
EXPLANATION.
AND NOW TWO
BOWSTRINGS
TWANG, AND
TWO ARROW
STRAIGHT
UPWARD!

NO TROUBLE PUTTING
THE ARROWS BETWEEN
THOSE STONES. THEY
OUGHT TO HOLD, G'A!

I THINK SO TOO
NOW, BOYS. TIME
TO START A
RACKET!

THESE CURSED
MUSKETEERS MAKE
MORE NOISE THAN A
THOUSAND ORDINARY
PRISONERS!

WE SHALL QUIET THEM!
BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL
PIERRE... IT MAY
BE A PLAN TO
ESCAPE!

CLANG!
CRASH!

IF THEY ARE
HIDING BEHIND THE
DOOR, WE'LL BE
READY FOR THEM!

THE JAILORS ARE PREPARED FOR
EVERYTHING NOW... EXCEPT WHAT
HAPPENS! SUDDENLY...

IT'S ALL RIGHT TO KEEP
YOUR FEET ON THE
GROUND CHUMS.
BUT I
WON'T
HURT TO HAVE YOUR
HEADS IN THE CLOUDS ONCE IN A
WHILE YOU MIGHT FARN WHAT'S
COMIN' ON.

RECENTLY...

WITH ALL THESE
KEYS WE SHOULDN'T
HAVE ANY TROUBLE
GETTING OUT.

TROUBLE
IS WE HAVE
TOO MANY
KEYS

IT MIGHT TAKE US A QUARTER
OF AN HOUR TO FIND THE RIGHT
ONE TO THIS DOOR. FOR
EXAMPLE.

PARDON,
MESSIEURS. I HAVE
A KEY OF MY OWN,
WHICH WILL FIT THIS
DOOR.

THE GIANT MUSKETEER'S
GREAT HANDS GRASP THE
STEEL BARS... MIGHTY MUSCLES STRAIN HEROICALLY
... AND SECONDS AFTERWARD...

HUH ?
BUT WHERE ?

I CARRY T
N THESE TWO
HANDS ONE MOMENT
AND YOU SHALL SEE.

UGH! I THOUGHT THIS
WOULD BE EASIER... I
MUST BE GETTING
WEAK.

NEVER MIND.
THE COMPLIMENTS
SPEEDY, Porthos! I
USED TO THEM
WE'VE GOT TO
KEEP GOING.

MOMENTS LATER,

WHERE TO, NOW,
MESSIEURS?

THE PALACE. WE HAVE TO
SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF WHO
STOLE THAT NECKLACE... AND
THAT'S THE PLACE TO
DO IT.

BUT IT'S TOO WELL
GLARDED! THE MOMENT
WE TRY TO GET IN, WE
SHALL BE CAUGHT
AGAIN...

NOT IF WE
GET IN MY WAY!
COME ON, BOYS... I'M
GOING TO TEACH Porthos
HOW TO HANDLE A
BOW!

THIS ISN'T NA
CLASS WITH THE CATAFULT
ON THE ARROWPLANE, E.A.
BUT I OUGHT TO DO!

IT WILL BE
IF YOU'RE AIMED RIGHT!
OKAY PORTHOS...
LET'ER RIP!

A SLIM FIGURE SAILS THROUGH THE
AIR TO BE FOLLOWED, ONE BY ONE, BY
OTHERS NOT SO SLIM...

HELLO ARANIS,

STEP RIGHT IN AND MAKE
YOURSELF AT HOME

PARBLEU, MAD! I
KNEW THIS WOULD
SPOIL THE CURVE OF
MY HAT, I WOULD
NEVER HAVE
COME.

NO FINALLY...

NOM D'UN NOM, NEVER,
I THINK, HAVE THE HEAVENS
LOOKED DOWN UPON SO
HUGE A BIRD!

NOW WITHIN THE PALACE,
THE GREEN ARROW SETS
SHIFTLY TO WORK...

HERE'S THE JEWEL BOX
FROM WHICH THE NECKLACE
WAS STOLEN! IT'S MADE
OF GOLD... STRANGE THAT IT
WASN'T TAKEN! AND STRANGE,
TOO, THAT IT WAS OPENED
WITHOUT DAMAGE!

THE THIEF MUST
HAVE HAD A KEY! LOOKS
LIKE AN INSIDE JOB

THIS IS
THE SHELF FROM
WHICH THE BOX WAS
TAKEN... AND A LITTLE
POWDER REVEALS A THUMB-
PRINT!

UNDERSTAND

NOT, MESSIEURS!

THIS PROVES THE
THIEF HAD A THUMB...
BUT WHO HAS NOT?

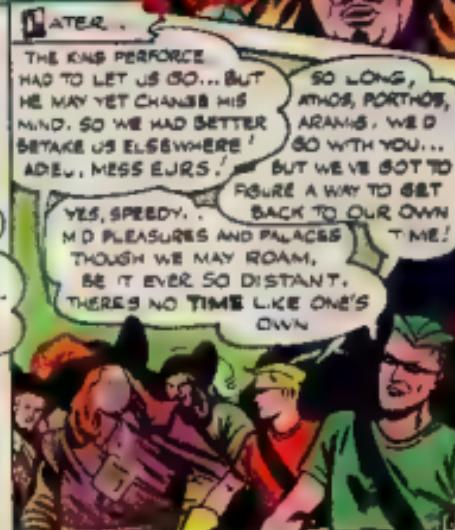
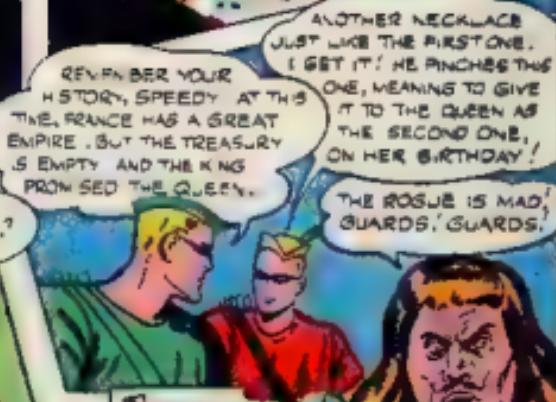
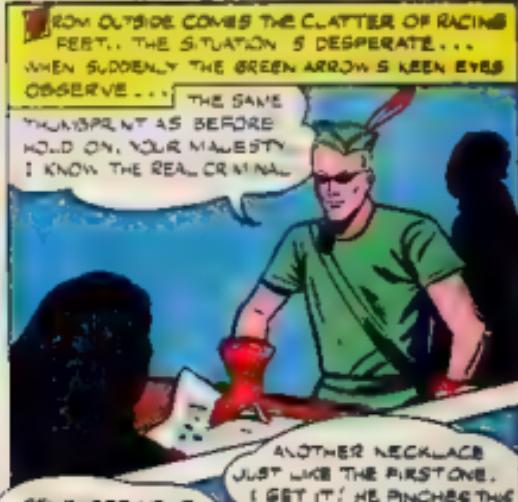
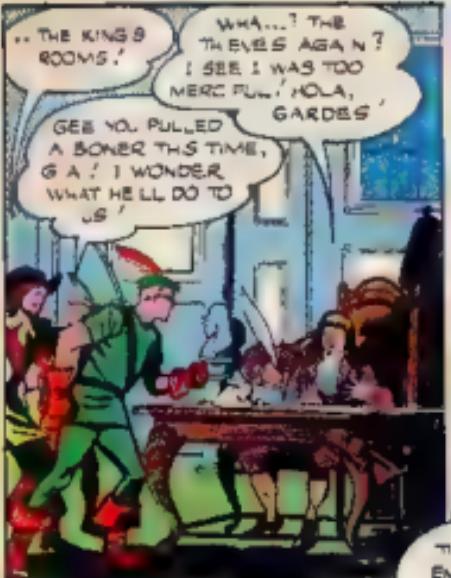
THE THIEF DIDN'T ESCAPE THROUGH
A WINDOW, BECAUSE THERE ARE
NO FOOTPRINTS IN THE GROUND
BELOW! AND THAT CORRIDOR
IS GUARDED...

HE
MIGHT HAVE
GOT AWAY THROUGH
THAT DOOR!

SOUNDS PROBABLE, SPEEDY!
AND I'M GOING TO SEE
WHERE HE GOT TO!

WAIT! YOU
CANNOT GO IN
THERE! THOSE
ARE...





CHAPTER
III

BACK, BACK THEY SPEED THROUH-THE BUT HOW FAR A YEAR IS A CENTURY AND LITTLE IT'S HARD FOR THE BRAVE AVENGER AND WING TO BELIEVE THE TRUTH FOR AT FIRST EVERYTHING SEEMS UNALTERED CLOTHES AND CUSTOMS ARE THE SAME AND HUMAN BEINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED MUCH EVEN TO THE Vicious ENEMY WHO STRIKES TREACHEROUSLY AT A PEACEFUL INJUSTICE OF PEOPLE BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCES... AND THE TWO COURAGEOUS MAKE GOOD USE OF THEM AS THEY PLAY THEIR ROLES IN THE TALE OF ANCIENT...

"COURAGE IN CHANTON!"

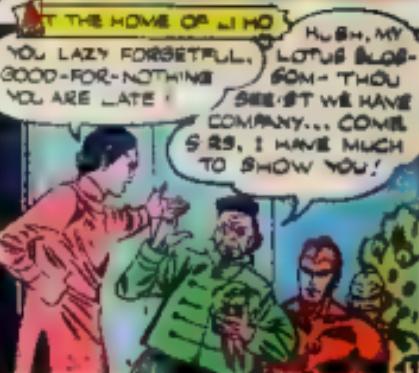
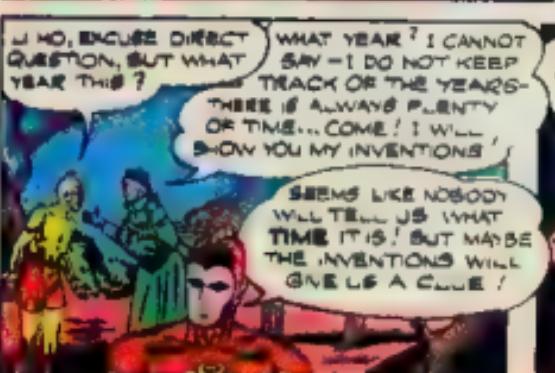
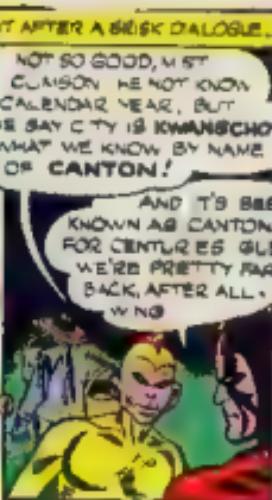
CRIMSON AVENGER

and WING



"I AM A MILLION DOLLAR AND THE
LORD STAND THE DAY IN CRIME-
CRUSHER AND HIS FAITHFUL ALLY
WING AND MAYBE WE'RE NOT FAR
BACK IN THE PAST AT ALL THOUGH
WHAT THEY'RE PLAN CHINESE
WINKS."

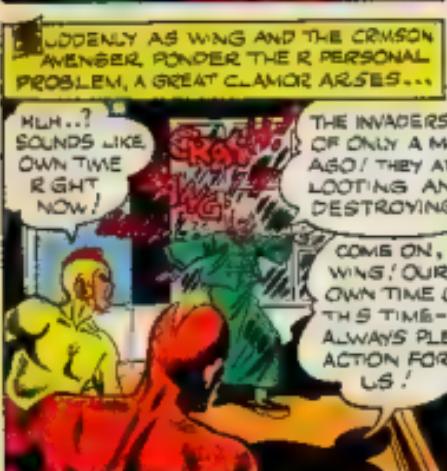
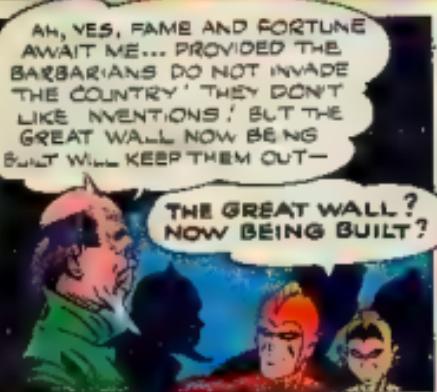
"YES MYST' CRIMSON
I AM WING FEEL AT HOME
BUT ALLA SAME I WOULD
LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT
ALPHOND FIND OUT
EXACT YEAR."



THIS IS A PEA-SHELLER... HMM...
NSEN OUS, S IT NOT? NO CLUE
IT SHELLS A POUND OF THERE...
PEAS AN HOUR... PEOPLE INVENTED
THINGS JUST AS WHACKY IN THE
20TH CENTURY!

AND THIS IS MY
PERPETUAL MOTION
MACHINE -- JUST A
FEW MORE DETAILS,
AND IT WILL WORK!

SAME WITH
THIS ONE!



PIRELL GLASS CAPSULE
SHATTERS AGAINST THE GROUND
AND A CRIMSON CLOUD BILLOWS
UPWARD...

FRE, FRE!
HELP! BURN!

YOU TOO MUCH
IN HURRY TO
COMPLAIN. NOTHING
HURT YOU YET

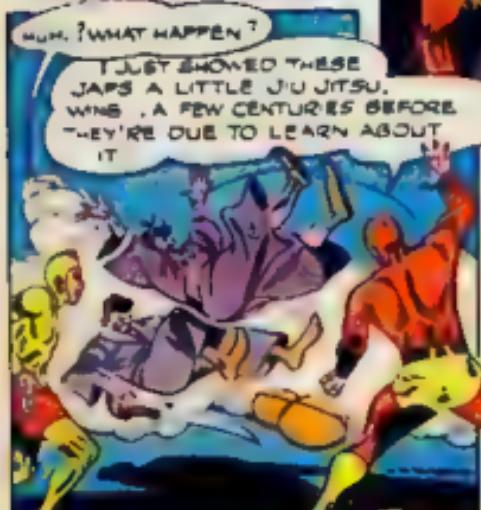
OKAY CAN
COMPLAIN NOW!

MAAAT



SHAKE HANDS CHUM,
IF IT WASN'T TWO
THOUSAND YEARS AGO
THIS TRICK MIGHT
NOT WORK!)

NOW IT WILL BE
DONE FOR I DON'T
ACT FAST



CAN TWO UNARMED MEN DEFY THE
MIKADOS ARMY? FORWARD!
TAKE THEM PRISONER, SO
THAT WE MAY PUNISH
THEM FOR THEIR REBELLION.

BETTER
SET ANOTHER
CAPSULE
QUICK,
11ST.
CLIMSON'

SAME TRICK NIGHT
NOT WORK TWICE... I'M
GOING TO TRY SOMETHING
ELSE



AS THE MINDOS MAN ANDS PLUNGE FORWARD, A SCARLET BEAM DRAWS INTO THEIR EYES . . .

MORE FIRE. HE IS A MAGICIAN. LET US RUN BEFORE HE BURNS US ALIVE.



THIS MAY GIVES ME AN IDEA. HANG.

HAYSTACK GIVE PLACE TO HIDE. FOR NEEDLES.



BUT, AS THE PANIC IS ABOUT TO SPREAD . . .

FOOLS. THE COLD FIRE DOES NOT BURN. BEIZE HAS

HMM. MY BLUFF DIDN'T QUITE WORK. GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE!

BETTER THINK WITH FEET. RUN FAST.

SECONDS LATER

I THEY NOT READ OF 'COLD FIRE' MIST?
-- A SON

NATURALLY IT
DON'T BURN THEM
BEFORE, DID IT?

DO NOT FEAR, MEN. T
IS BUT COLD FIRE.



THEY DON'T REALIZE THAT THIS TIME IT WAS A REAL FIRE SET WITH A MATCH.

FIRE HOT!

HE IS A REAL MAGICIAN. FIRST HE MADE COLD FIRE, AND THEN HE MADE THE COLD BECOME HOT.

LIVE AND LEARN, CHUM.



THE MAGICIAN STRIKES
HEAVY BLOWS BUT
WE WHO SERVE THE
M-KADO HAVE HARD SKILLS



THE COMRADES CRASH THROUGH THE SPLINTERING WALLS OF THE FLIMSY HUT...

GRAB ONE OF THOSE BAMBOO POLES WING... IT'LL COME IN HANDY!

I TAKE YOUR WORD, MIST' CLAWSON



WING THE FIGURES SOAR SWIFTLY OVER THE STARTLED SOLDIERS AND OVER THE WALL...

NICE POLE-VAULTING, WING!

BREAK RECORD—
TOO BAD THIS NOT SPORTING EVENT!

RECENTLY...

THE CHINESE NEED AN ARMY, WING!

CHINESE HAVE ARMY? LOOK

NO, WING. WITHOUT DECENT WEAPONS, THE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH AGAINST THEM! HMM... I WONDER IF, AMONG LI HO'S INVENTIONS, THERE'S ONE WE CAN USE! LET'S GO SEE!

LI HO INVENTION SHELL PEAS, NOT JAPS!

THE MAKE HAIR NICE ON THE HEAD...

A COMB? THAT'LL HARDLY DO... WHAT NEXT?

BUT FINALLY...
I THINK WE'VE GOT SOMETHING, WING! FIRST WE'LL NEED SOME HOLLOWED-OUT BAMBOO POLES!

LI HO'S...

THIS IS A ROD TRAP... MAYBE USE TO TRAP JAPANESE? AFRAID NOT... LET'S SEE SOMETHING ELSE

WE WASTE TOO MUCH TIME. HURRY, MISTRESS CLEMSON.

YOU MEAN LI HO INVENT SOMETHING PRACTICAL?

LI HO GREAT INVENTOR, YES?

HE DIDN'T EXACTLY WANT THIS... BUT HE HELPED NOW TO GET SOME SMALL BOYS TO COLLECTING STONES FOR ME

STONES? JUST CLASHIN' NOW YOU SOUND LIKE WHACK AVENATOR

BUT THE CRIMSON AVENGER GOES CALMLY AHEAD WITH HIS MYSTERIOUS PLANS... AND SOME TIME LATER...

AH WOE! NOW COME MASSACRE

NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT HERES OUR CHANCE TO USE U-HOS AVENATOR READY I AM.



THUNDER AND STONES FROM THE HEAVENS

THE SUN IS ANGRY WITH US!

HEY ARE AFRAID OF US, AFTER THEM

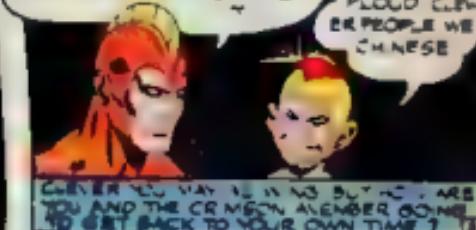


WELL WHO THESE HOME MADE GUNS SHOT STONES INSTEAD OF BULLETS, BUT THEY WON THE BATTLE

YES, BUT WHAT DID LI HO HAVE GOT TO DO WITH IT?



PLENTY DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT HISTORY TELLS US 'CHINESE INVENTED GUNPOWDER' THAT CHINESE WAS LI HO' HE INTENDS GREAT MAN TO FIND ANOTHER USE FOR PLOUD CLEVER PEOPLE WE CHINESE



CHEER YOU SAY AS IN NO BUT NO ARE YOU AND THE CRIMSON AVENGER GOING TO GET BACK TO YOUR OWN TIME?

CHAPTER 4.

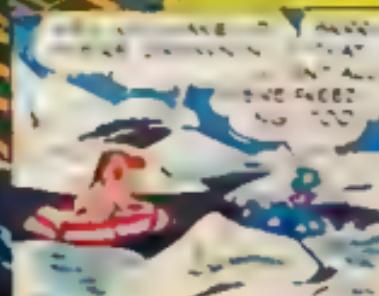
THEN THEY SLOWED IN THE
BLAZING WINDS AT TOP A
LEAP OF CLIFF AND WOKE UP
HAWAIIAN SUNSHINE. THE VIKINGS
TOOK A SWIM AND WENT TO
DETROIT, LANSING, CHICAGO, ALL THE
STAR FANDERED OUT AND STOLE ALL
THE LADS BECAUSE OF BEING A HELL
FIRE THAT AWASH THE AMERICAN MEMBER
IN THIS GREAT DAY. BUT ONE TWO
LADS PERIOD BACK THE WAY AND
NEVER ENDING DANCER BRIGHTEN THEIR
PATH ON THIS TEAL BLAZING . . .

"Voyage of the Vikings"

LAWD DO!

THEY ARE AN
AMERICAN COUPLE
WHO HAVE BEEN
TO THE HAWAIIAN
ISLANDS AND
ARE BACK AGAIN
WITH A LOT OF
LADS.

THEY ARE THE
LADS WHO ARE
NOT TO BE
TAKEN TOO



NO ON TOP OF THAT, LOOMING OUT OF THE MIST, THE COMRADES SUDDENLY BEHOLD . . .

A SEA-SERPENT THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END, KID BUT NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT STRIPESY DIDN'T GO DOWN FIGHTING!



'YOU KEEP HIM BUSY! YOU TRY TO SAVE YOURSELF KID!



WHAAA! YOU'RE TOO EXCITED TO SEE STRAIGHT, STRIPESY! THAT'S NOT A SEA-SERPENT! THAT'S JUST THE FIGURE-HEAD OF A SHIP!

HMM, I WELL WE'LL BE...WE'RE SAVED. CLIMB ABOARD, KID! MAYBE WE'LL GET SOMETHING TO EAT. I'M STARVED!



BRRR. I NEED A FURNACE TO WARM ME UP. BUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

A FIGHT! WE'VE JUMPED OUT OF THE REFRIGERATOR AND INTO THE FIRE! YOU'RE NOT GONNA HAVE ANY TROUBLE WARMING UP, KID!

THE ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME, KID, IS...WHICH SIDE DO WE TAKE?

HMM, THREE AGAINST ONE OVER HERE, STRIPESY. AND WE'RE ALWAYS FOR THE UNDERDOGS!

THE PARTNERS ARE PERUSSING COOLLY INTO ACTION.

ANY CE TODAY, MISTER?



OOF!

NOT SO FAST, KID!



LET ME HANDLE SOME
OF THE BLOCKHEADS

WHENCE COME THESE
STRANGERS?

I KNOW NOT,
BUT I KNOW WHERE
THEY WILL GO... TO
THE FISHES!

I'LL SHOW 'EM A LITTLE
BULL-FIGHTING THEN!

WATCH TWO THINGS
DO AT US LIKE
WHAT BULLS DO.

OWWW!
THE COUP DE
GRACE, AS WE
SAID IN FRENCH -
A LOT-ER WORDS, THE
ENGLISH TOUCH

NEED ANY MORE HELP,
MISTER?

MR ERIC NEEDS
TO AD TO DISPOSE
OF MULNEERS, YET MY
SON AND I WOULD NOT
THOUGHT THANKS FOR
THE ASSISTANCE.

THIS IS MY SON, LEE. I PROMISED
HIM IF HE FOUGHT WELL, I WOULD
GIVE HIM A SHIP OF HIS OWN!

LOOKS AS IF HE'S
FARNED IT!

I'LL SETTLE FOR
A PORTERHOUSE
STEAK

I AINT HAD A MEAL FOR
YEARS... CENTURIES!
AND AFTER THAT ICE WATER,
AND THAT FIGHT, I'M
HUNGRY

YOU WILL SHARE
WHAT LITTLE WE HAVE.
THE MUTINEERS WANTED
MORE THAN THEIR SHARE!

THIS HAS BEEN SO BAD A
YEAR THAT OUR WHOLE PEOPLE
LACK FOOD. WE MUST SEEK
OUT A NEW LAND, WHERE THE
EARTH IS RICH THE SUN STRONG...

LEIF IS ALWAYS DREAMING OF
NEW VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY

YOU, TOO, MADE MANY VOYAGES
IN YOUR YOUTH, FATHER. I SHALL
FIND FOOD FOR EVERY ONE. AND
IF THESE VALIANT STRANGERS
WISH TO COME WITH ME, I
COUNT YOU IN, PAL.

SURE WE GOTTA DO
SOMETHING 'BOUT IT.
WE GET BACK TO
GADS.

WHERE DO
WE GO FROM
HERE \leftarrow O?

WE STAY PUT,
STRUGGLE 'LL
BURROW A TRICK
FROM THE ESKIMO'S...
AND WHAT'S MORE,
MAYBE YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO GET A
FRESH MEAL.

MOMENTS LATER...

HOW'S THIS FOR A STARTER? I AIN'T CRAZY
ABOUT FISH, KID, BUT RIGHT NOW... HUH.
WHAT'S THAT?

OWWWW... WE'RE NOT THE
ONLY ONES WHO ARE HUNGRY
POLAR BEARS

AND MAYBE
THEY'RE TIRED
OF A FISH DIET,
TOO! IT'S BACK
-- THE SHIP FOR
US

BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

HEY, OUR WAYS
CUT OFF, WHAT
A TIME FOR THE
ICE TO DECIDE
TO BREAK UP!

WE'LL HAVE TO
MAKE A DETOUR
AROUND THE FISSURE,
BUT THAT MEANS THOSE
BEARS MAY CATCH US.
WAIT FOR ME BOYS, WE
GOT AN IDEA!

SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR
HAPPY FAMILY LIFE, PALS...
BUT I'VE GOT A FAMILY TOO!

CRACK!

IS THE GREAT WHITE BEARS LUMBER
FORWARD THREATENINGLY...

HEY, KID, THIS IS NO TIME
TO BE PICKIN' UP PETS!

ARRRRKK!

COME ON, YOU'VE
GOT TO CHASE ME
IF YOU WANT YOUR
BABY WALRUS
BACK.

EEEK



YOU'LL BE GLAD
I BROUGHT HIM,
STRIPESY!

WOW! LOOK AT THEM
WALRUSES...

TIME TO BOW
OUT! I'LL PUT
MY TITLE WALL-E
DOWN HERE.

...AND RETIRE TO THE
SIDELINES!

HMM... THEY'RE
FIGHTIN' WITH
EACH OTHER!
AND I
THOUGHT TO WIN ENDY-
ING GLORY IN A BATTLE
AGAINST GREAT ODDS!



NEVER HAD THE GLORY
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY
OF CHANCES FOR THAT
WE'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO THE SHIP



NOW AS THE SHIP SAILS ON AGAIN,
THE WIND CHANGES. AND SOUTH-
WARD THE VIKINGS SWIM OVER
THE SHINING SEA!

THIS AIN'T SO HOT KID. WHEN
YOU DEPEND ON SALIS, YOU GOTTA
GO WHERE THE WIND TELLS YOU.



WHEN WE STOPPED THAT JUST
IN TIME. NOW WE GOTTA
START BACK THE WATER
BUT NOTTA
TRIP.

WHAT CAN WE
EXPECT WHEN A
BOY COMMANDS
US?



AND SO AFTER A QUICK
RETREAT . . .

WITH THEM
VALKYRIES ARE
WALK. NOW EVERY
BODY CAN BE
HAPPY

EVERYBODY EXCEPT
THOSE POLAR BEARS
THEY TAKE A BREATHING
AND SIGHT ON A
KILL

STANLEY
SEE KD WHAT HAPPENED?
ONE HT LAND UN-
EXPECTED?

LAND, MY BYE!
A WHALE SMASHED
US... AND HE'S
STORE A BIG
HOLE IN THE
SIDE. WE'VE GOT
TO PATCH IT UP
A KEEF

HE WILL LEAD
US TO THE
EDGE OF THE
WORLD TO FALL OVER
AND BE DEVOURRED BY
THE MONSTERS BELOW.
WE MUST TURN BACK

YES, WE MUST TURN BACK
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

CONGRATS I
NEVER THOUGHT
I'D SEE VIKING
CAMP AGAIN

I HAVE NOT FEAR FOR MY
SELF BUT WITHOUT US TO
PROT E FOOD OUR WIVES
AND CHILDREN WILL
STARVE. WE MUST TURN
BACK

NOT UNTIL I
HAVE THE ORDERS

HERE WE GO
MAN MORE
OKE



RETURN TO YOUR
PLACES! SAIL OUT
THE BOAT!

WE OBEY NO
MORE ORDERS
UNLESS YOU
TURN BACK

GET SET FOR THEM
STEP PEST! THEY'RE ONLY
FIVE TO ONE. WE'LL PUT
UP A GOOD FIGHT BEFORE
THEY GET US.

BUT AS THE ANGRY MUTINEERS SUEDE
FORWARD ON NOISILY...

STOP! COME ONE STEP
NEARER, AND I TEAR AWAY
THE SAIL AND LET THE WATER
ENTER THIS IS MY
SHIP AND I WILL DE-
STROY IT AND US BE
FINE YET...

FOR ONE TENSE MOMENT THE EN-
RAGED MEN HESITATE... AND THEN...

WHAT WOULD OUR
FAM... BE DO IF WE
WERE DEAD?

WE MUST
OBEY HIS ORDERS
FOR A WHILE

GEE, THE
BLUFF
WORKED!

BLUFF?
DON'T KID
YOURSELF,
PAT... LIFE WASN'
A BLUFF!

ON THE SURFACE,
ALL IS NOW SERENE!
EVER SOUTHWARD SCUDS THE
SLIM CRAFT! AND ONE DAY...

LAND HO!
LAND HO!
WILL BE GLAD TO
STRETCH MY LEGS ON DRY
LAND AGAIN

AND WILL I BE
GLAD TO HAVE SOME
THING TO EAT!

AS SHIP CASTS ANCHOR, AND SHORTLY...

THESE GRAPES TASTE
GOOD, BUT THEY DON'T
FILL YOUR STOMACH
IN. SHI HAD A GOOD
STEAK

MAYBE THAT CAN
BE ARRANGED,
STEPPI, LET YOUR
RAYON FOOL CRATHI

HMM A
FAIR LAND!

ANY THINGS GROW FROM
THE GROUND... AND THERE IS
GAME... PERHAPS WE CAN
FOUND A COLONY
HERE

KD,
I GOT A
FUNNY
FEELING



LIKE I BEEN
HERE BEFORE!
STRANGE, A.N.T.
T?

AND HOW! THIS MUST
BE SOME BIG ISLAND
WE HAPPEN TO HAVE
RUN INTO... I DON'T SEE
HOW YOU COULD POSSIBLY
HAVE BEEN ON IT!

ALL THE SAME,
RATHER LIKE IT HERE MYSELF!
EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE NO
SIGNS OF ANY OTHER PEOPLE!
WISH I COULD STAY!



BUT THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF FEEDING
THE STARVING COMES BEFORE PERSONAL
PLEASURES. SOON, LADEN TO THE GUN-
WALES WITH FOOD, THE SHIP SETS
SAIL AGAIN...

K.D., I CAN'T GET T OUTTA MY MIND
THAT SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT PLACE!
I WONDER WHAT IT'S
CALLED!

DON'T BE ABSURD,
STRIPESY! IT'S JUST
AN ISLAND IN THE OCEAN!
IT HASN'T GOT A
NAME!

BUT IT WILL HAVE KID, IT WILL HAVE
MANY DAYS LATER...

LEIF, YOU HAVE
RETURNED AT
LAST!

WITH MUCH FOOD!
FATHER, I HAVE DIS-
COVERED A WONDER-
FUL COUNTRY!

SEE, KID?
HE LIKED IT, TOO!
EVERYBODY LIKES IT!



THERE ARE SO MANY
VINES, I HAVE NAMED
IT VINELAND! WE CAN
SEND A COLONY...

I JUST REALIZED... LEIF
IS ERIC'S SON... HE'S
LEIF ERICKSSON! AND
THE COUNTRY HE DIS-
COVERED WAS
VINELAND, WHICH
WE KNOW BY AN
OTHER NAME...

PERHAPS...
BUT THE CLIMATE
APPEARS TOO WARM!
I DO NOT SEE HOW IT
CAN BREED A HARDY
RACE!

STRIPESY!
DO YOU HEAR THAT?



YES...WE DISCOVERED
AMERICA!

UH...
GOSH!



SOME DISCOVERY!... BUT
THE STAR-SPANGLED KID
AND STRIPESY ARE STILL
PRISONERS OF THE PAST!
WHAT ARE THE CHANC-
ES OF DISCOVERING THEIR
WAY BACK TO THE
AMERICA OF 1943?



THEY'RE A DIFFERENT THING TO THE
OLD FOLK AND PROBABLY THAT'S
WHAT'S HOLDING BACK THE VOLANTE. WHEN HE BEGINS A NEW
LIFE IN A NEW DEAD AGE, TECHNICIANS
HAVE ALL THE RIGHT PATTERN AND PRACTICE IN
THIS AND THE DAY BUT THEY OF MODERN
CRAFTS AREN'T FAMILIAR WITH THE
GETAWAY METHOD... AND WHEN THE
WESTERN WORLD'S WANTS AND NEEDS
FOR THEIR PLATES HE FINDS ONLY
DEALS OF GRATITUDE IN THE METHODOUS
WHERE HE ENCOUNTERS...

"FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN!"



TWENTY CENTURIES AGO, THAT WARRIOR OF THE WIDE OPEN SPACES, THE VIGILANTE STROLLS DOWN ROME'S FAMOUS APPIAN WAY . . .

KYODOLIN' COYOTES, THE DUMMY SURE PUT ONE OVER ON ME THAT TIME ! HERE I AM, A STRANGER IN ROME . . .



NO ! I WASN'T THEIR STATLES, IT WAS THEM ! IN MY OWN TIME ! BUT BY THE GREAT HORNED TOAD, I DON'T SEE HOW... T AIN'T POSS'BLE !



YES, SAYS ME. ONCE DERE LIVED A GUY CALLED CRASSUS. HE HAD SO MUCH DOLSH, HE'D MAKE A MILL O'NAIRE LOOK LKB A PIKER ! SUPPOSE WE USE DIS MACHINE TO SEND US BACK IN TIME...



I HATE TO WASTE TIME AT THESE SOCIAL AFFAIRS, ANTONY !

IT SHN'T WASTING TIME, CAESAR ! CRASSUS HAS SO MUCH MONEY, HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WTH IT ! HE CAN HELP YOUR PLANS !

JUMPIN' GILA MONSTERS ! I KNOW THOSE BOYS.. THEY'RE JULIUS CAESAR AND MARC ANTONY !



BUT IT IS POSSIBLE, VIGILANTE TO EXPLAIN THIS APPARENTLY MIRACULOUS MEETING WITH OLD "FRIENDS" OF YOURS, ALL WE NEED DO IS SKIP A SCORE OF CENTURIES TO FIND OURSELVES ONCE MORE IN 1943, IN THE DUMMY'S CUNNINGLY CONCEALED RETREAT...

I GET IT, ROCKY ! WE ROB CRASSUS, AND DIS MACHINE HELPS US MAKE A GETAWAY. GEE, WHY D ONT I TINK OF DAT



ROCKY, THE SCHEMES PO'FECT ! IT CAN'T POSSIBLY MISS UP !

AND I KNOW THEM TOO ! MUST HAVE SEEN THEIR STATLES SOMEPLACE...



SO'S, THE BOSS IS SMART, BUT ALL THE SAME, HE'S M'SSED A BET

SAYS , YOU



THIS, A LITTLE LATER, WE FIND...

I DON'T LIKE NIGHTGOWNS... BUT I GUESS N ROME, YOU GOTTA DO LIKE DA ROMANS !

REMEMBER NOW, PANNY, WE'RE COUNTIN' ON YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON US AND BRING US BACK AT DA RIGHT TIME !

OKAY BUT YOU BE SURE YOU DON'T FORGET NOTHIN' ! BRING BACK EV'RHTHING DIS, CRASSUS GOT-

Are You "PRE-FLIGHT" MATE

BOYS AND GIRLS!

CHECK YOUR PHYSICAL FITNESS
AGAINST THIS NAVY PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL
OBSTACLE COURSE. MEN IN PRE-
FLIGHT TRAINING HAVE TO DO ALL THIS
— RACE UP 45 DEGREE INCLINES, THROUGH TUNNEL-MAZES,

ACROSS BUNKERS AND
WALLS, THRU BRUSH AND



"I am indeed sorry, Private Jones. Rules won't permit me to
serve your Wheaties in bed."

Maybe you can't have em' n' bed, but you can have all the Wheaties
you eat. These good, whole wheat flakes are plentiful—and good,
morning, noon, or night.

AMERICA NEED TODAY. SO HELP GET YOURSELF IN CHAMPIONSHIP FORM WITH JACK ARMSTRONG'S

- 1 GET PLENTY OF FRESH AIR
- 2 KEEP CLEAN. USE LOTS OF WATER
- 3 EAT THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY. EAT WHEATIES



Product of GENEVA

ERIAL?



ND OVER WATER JUMPS.

EDS CHAMPIONS

TRAINING RULES. HERE'S
THE FAMOUS TRAINING
PROGRAM FOR YOU TO
FOLLOW EVERY DAY.

SH AIR, SLEEP AND EXERCISE.
OTS OF SOAP AND WATER.
MEALS A DAY. START WITH
E'S TRAINING DISH, MILK
D FRUIT AND WHEATIES,
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
U'L LIKE WHEATIES!



"Wise guy! Fergie his Wheaties this mornin'!"

GET GOING!

WITH WHEATIES TOMORROW MORNING. A REAL ATHLETE'S TRAINING DISH TO HELP YOU START THE DAY THE CHAMPION WAY. BIG TOASTED FLAKES OF GOOD WHOLE WHEAT.. THAT'S WHEATIES. LOTS OF "UP-AND-AT-'EM" NOURISHMENT FOR YOU, TOO, IN MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS." GET WHEATIES TODAY !

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL, SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT—STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT. 252 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

breakfast
of
Champions™
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

GENERAL MILLS, INC.

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THE TOUCH OF A SWITCH, AND
ANCENT ROME, WHICH HAS SO
MUCH VILLANY OF TS OWN,
IS THE RICHER BY TWO MODERN
ROGUES. NO WONDER THE
VIGILANTE WONDERS!

Possible or not, they're here
and wherever they are,
there's dirty work I'll
keep my eye on these tall
varmints...

SAY, K.O., WHERE DOES
CRASSUS HANG OUT?

YOU GUYS
MUST BE DUMB
NOT TO KNOW THAT
EVERYBODY IN ROME
KNOWS HE LIVES
DOWN THERE

THEY'RE LOOKIN'
FOR CRASSUS, TOO!
AND THE MAN'S
RICH... HMM...
MIGHTY
INTERESTING!

RECENTLY THE TWO THIEVES ARRIVE AT A
SCENE OF UNPARALLELED LUXURY...

HELLO, CRASSUS! HOW I AM IN GOOD HEALTH.
ARE THINGS? (WAS DIS PARTY A CINCH TO
CRASH?)

THANKS TO JUPITER
(I HAVE SO MANY FRIENDS)
I CANNOT EVEN REMEMBER
THESE FACES BUT I MUST
BE HOSPITABLE. JOIN OUR
FEAST ER...

SHIFTLUS IS HIS
NAME 'M,
ROCKLS'

HERE SHIFTLUS AND ROCKLS
ARE SOME TOKENS OF THE
ESTEEM WTH WHICH I RE-
GARD MY FRIENDS SLAVE...
BRING MORE GOLD FROM
MY TREASURY

HUH... YOU
MEAN YOU
GOT SO MUCH,
YOU JUST GIVE
IT AWAY LIKE
DIS...? GEE...

GOSH

SNAP OUT
OF IT, CHUM
TAKES A LOT,
CRASSUS

I NEVER TOUGHT
A GUY COULD
HAVE SO MUCH
DOLUGH...

DON'T I TELL YA?
WHAT A CINCH DIS
IS SONNA BE ALL
WE GOTTA DO IS FOLLOW
DA SLAVE TO DA TREASURY,
DEN WAIT FOR HIM TO
GO AWAY...



DEATH THREATENS JULIUS CAESAR. THE VILLAINIES OF TWO MODERN THUGS ARE NEAR TO CHANGING THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD. WHEN SUDENLY...



NO THEN, CASUALLY, CAESAR
TOSSES AWAY WHAT WOULD HAVE
MADE HIM SOLE MASTER OF THE
WORLD!

HERE TH'E'LL TAKE
YOUR TOY!

HOWLIN COYOTES...
DON'T DO THAT,
CAESAR!

HUH... HE
MUST BE
WHACKY!



BUT I'M NOT WE
GOTTA GET OUTTA
HERE 'COME ON,
SHifty!



FORTUNE FAVORS THE ROGUES!
SECONDS LATER...

THEY WILL ESCAPE. TIS NO USE
HELP, SLAVES...! ANTONY BY

NOW THEY HAVE
MINGLED WITH THE
OTHER GUESTS' AND
THERE ARE SO MANY.
WE SHALL NEVER
FIND THEM

THE
VARMENTS
ALMOST
BLINDED ME
WITH THA'
GOLD

YES, CAESAR!

HUH... I DON'T
WANT NO
REWARD!



THE GREAT CAESAR
HAS SPOKEN... WHAT
YOU DESIRE MATTERS
NOT. HERE IS YOUR
GOLD! AND NOW,

SHUCKS,
PARONER
BECAUSE YOU HAVE ANYBODY
SEEN CAESAR CAN GET
KNOCKED OFF
HIS FEET? IT
DON'T MEAN
NOTHING?

THE DIGNITY OF A
MAN WHO WILL
YET BE KING IS NOT
TO BE TR FLED WITH.
SEZE H'M,
SLAVES

WHAA?



TIE THE BAG OF GOLD
CAESAR GAVE H'M TO HIS
FEET AND THROW H'M TO
THE LANPREYS HE WON'T
BE ABLE TO SAY THEN THAT
HE SAW THE GREAT JULUS
LOSE HIS DIGNITY!

WHY, YOU
MANGY COYOTE,
"LL..."



BUT TAKEN UTTERLY BY SURPRISE,
THE WILANTED STRUGGLES ARE
IN VAIN... SHORTLY...

BY JUPITER, I ALMOST
FELL THE POOR
WRETCH!

LAMPREYS WILL
LEAVE LITTLE OR
NOTHING, BUT WE MUST
OBEY ORDERS

AND NOW THE WESTERN WADY FACES A TERRIFYING DEATH! THE LAMPREYS, FEROCIOUS SPAINTOOED EEL-LIKE CREATURES, STREAK TOWARD HIS HELPLESS BODY...

I WISH THE CROOKS HAD
THIS GOLD INSTEAD OF ME!
IT'S WEIGHING ME
DOWN!

BUT IT IS OF SOME USE
UGH... IF I CAN GET MY
HANDS FREE BEFORE MY
LUNGS BURST...



WHILE THE WARRIOR
OF THE PLAINS FIGHTS
FOR LIFE...

CRASSUS HAS MORE GOLD
THAN HELL EVER NEED...
AND CAESAR, EVER TOO
GENEROUS, LACKS MONEY
TO PAY HIS SOLDIERS! BUT
HE NEVER WORRIES... I
HAVE TO DO THE WORRY-
ING FOR BOTH OF US



IF ONLY CRASSUS WERE
GENEROUS... AH, I HAVE IT!
HE WILL BE... WITHOUT
KNOWING IT!



AND NOW AS THE MERRymAKING
GOES ON...

CRASSUS, YOU ARE TOO
GREAT A MAN TO BE
BOtherED WITH MY
PETTY TROUBLES! BUT
IF YOU WILL ONLY LISTEN...

THIS IS A FEAST,
AND EVERY ONE
SHOULD FORGET
TROUBLES! BUT AS
YOU SAY, I AM A
GREAT MAN, AND...
WELL GO AHEAD

YOU HAVE MORE FOOD
THAN YOU KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH... AND AT
HOME, MY SLAVES STARVE!
IF YOU WOULD LET
ME HAVE A ROAST
STUFFED BULL OR
TWO...

TAKE HALF A
DOZEN! STUFF
IT WITH ALL
THE GOOD
THINGS YOU
WISH AND
DON'T BOther ME
ABOUT SUCH TROUBLES
AGAIN



MEANWHILE...

THANKS FOR TAKIN' THE GOLD PARDNER. TOO BAD IT'LL BE KIND OF INGEST BLE' OHWW... LEGGO MY LEG.



DIS THE WOLANTE'S SHARP SPURS FINALLY SLICE THROUGH HIS BONDS...

SO LONG, YOU SAN-TOOTHED VARMINT. AM GOIN' UP FOR AIR



NOW TO GET AFTER THOSE RATTLERS THAT TRIED TO STEAL THE GOLD. THEY'RE SURE TO TRY AGAIN... AND I'LL BE AROUND READY FOR THEM



THE LARRUPING LARATEER KNOWS THE CRIMINAL MIND AMONG THE MULTITUDE OF GUESTS...

DIS IS DA LIFE ROCKY. DESE ROMANS KNOW HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

DEY GOT NOTHIN' TO LOIN US! WAKE UP, SAD. WE GOT A JOB TO DO...



UNEXPECTEDLY, A MELODIOUS TINKLE ATTRACTS TWO PAIRS OF EVER-ALERT EARS...

HUH? DAT ROAST BEEF MUST BE WORTH TS WEIGHT IN GOLD

SO SOMEBODY ELSE IS TRYIN' TO CHISEL IN ON OUR RACKET. COME ON SHFTY, HERES WHERE WE COLLECT



SOME MOMENTS LATER...

STICK 'EM UP, SAPS, OR WE'LL PLUG YA FULLA LEAD

AND DAT AN'T NO BULL, E'THER



LETT AT THE BANQUET...

LEAVING SO SOON, ANTONY?

YES AND SO ARE YOU, CAESAR. COME WITH ME.. I HAVE A GOLDEN SURPRISE FOR YOU!



FUNNY THEM VARMINTS AINT AROUND. I WONDER IF ANTONY FOUND THEM AND TOOK CARE OF THEM. I'LL FOLLOW HIM AND SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO



WITH THE REBELLY TWO PRESENTLY...
GUESS THEM SLAVES AINT
USED TO PUTTA UP A
FIGHT. THEY SCRAMMED,
AND... HUH...? YOU GUYS
AGAIN?

BY JUPITER THAT
TOY HAS DISARMED
MARC ANTONY.
PERHAPS MY
LEGIONNAIRES
CAN USE THIS

ROCKY
LOOK...THE
VIGILANTE
ASIAN

A-EARN' TO
GO. GET SET
FOR A FEW
JUMPS, ROCKY!

YES, RASCAL
AND THIS TIME YOU
WILL NOT ESCAPE
US!



THIS OUGHTA REMIND YOU
OF PRISON. CRUSHED
ROCKY!

STILL A WISE GUY, HUH?
VIGILANTE? A BULLET'LL
FIX YOU!



SUDENLY...

OUR OWN MEN,
CAESAR. THEY MUST
HAVE HEARD THE NOISE.
NOW ARE THE ROGUES LOST
WEED YOUR LEGIONNAIRES
WILL KILL THEM ALL!

WE BETTER STICK
TOGETHER, VIGILANTE.
WE GOTTA HOLD THESE
ELVES OFF LONG. DANNY
CAN GET US BACK
TO OUR OWN TIME
WHADDYA SAY?

THAT'S NEAT...
BUT WHAT YOU,
ROCKY?



BUT FAR IN THE FUTURE, DANNY
HAS TROUBLES OF HIS OWN!
AT A POLICE STATION...

WELL, WELL 'SO DANNY'S IT WAS
HAND'S BEEN IN OTHER AN ACCIDENT
PEOPLE'S POCKETS I TELL YA
ASIAN!

AND YA GOTTA
LET ME GO...MY
PALS ARE DEPENDIN'
ON ME. THEY NEED
ME!

TOO BAD,
DANNY... THE
WARDEN NEEDS
YOU MORE
MANA



WONDER WHEN THIS
PAL OF YOURS IS
GOING TO BRING US
BACK

SOMETHIN' MUST
HAVE GONE WRONG!
DANNY SHOULD HAVE
GRABBED US LONG
AGO.

GUESS OUR
GOOSE IS
COOKED



WELL CAESAR'S LEGIONS
AND VIGILANTE TO THE LIST
OF HEROES! THEY HAVE CON-
QUERED! ARE THE TWO CRIMINALS
FATED TO BE PUNISHED IN AN-
CIENT ROME FOR THEIR MODERN
MISDEEDS? TIME... AND A LATER
CHAPTER... I WILL TELL!



AND ONCE IN
TWO CENTURIES

IS SUCH A GENIUS AS
LEONARDO DA VINCI,
BORN AT THE POET,
INSPIRED TO ENTERTAIN HE CAN
DO WELL EVERYTHING WORTH-DONE
EXCEPT COPE WITH THE BRUTAL
TITLED CRIMINAL WHO HATED - AND FOR
HE WANTED. BUT WHAT THE GREAT
FATE LEANT TO ACHIEVE THE SWING
KNUCKLE-CAN. AND THE CHAMPION
OF COURAGE FINDS AN UNEXPECTED
REWARD FOR HIS VALOR
AS HE LEARNS ABOUT...

"The Legend of Leonardo!"



FOR ALL TIME MORE
TO THE FIGHT THE BRAVE
KNIGHT AND HIS WINGED STEED
IN THEMSELVES STANDING
GENESETH AN ATTIC SKY...



AND A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS
THEIR GAZE!

HUH...? THAT OLD MAN'S
MIND MUST BE UNHINGED...
WE MUST SAVE HIM.

WHAT...? SOME
ONE ELSE ATTEMPTING
TO FLY... AND SUCCEEDING?
I THOUGHT I WOULD BE
THE FIRST.

FEAR NOT,
AGED SIR-

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO
ENTER ME. I AM IN NO
DANGER...

MAYBE
THOU KNOWEST
BEST, BUT I
DOUBT...

AH, I SHOULD HAVE
RESCUED HIM
DESPITE HIMSELF

WASTE NO TIME ON
REGRETS, KNIGHT.
I AM STILL WALE AND
HEARTY. MY WINGS
HAVE NOT FAILED ME.

IT'S AMAZING I
HAD THOUGHT THEE
MAD... BUT NOW I
THINK I KNOW WHO
THOU MUST BE

I AM LEONARDO
DA VINCI.

AS I THOUGHT THE
GREATEST MIND OF HIS TIME,
AND ONE OF THE GREATEST
MINDS OF ALL TIME!

MANY HAVE THOUGHT ME MAD...
AND LIVED TO CHANGE THEIR
MINDS. COUNT LUDDONICO, FOR
EXAMPLE... HERE HE COMES
NOW, AND UP TO NO GOOD!
THOU HAST BEST LEAVE
ME, KNIGHT!

IF YOU MOUNT
ED BRAVO TO CLIMB
LUDDONICO IS
THINE ENEMY,
THEN WOULD I
FAIR REMAIN AT
THY SIDE

WA, I'VE GOT YOU NOW,
LEONARDO! EVEN IF YOU
CAN FLY, IN FIVE MINUTES
YOU'LL BE A DEAD PIGEON.

HMM... THIS VILLANOUS
LUDOVICO DEEMS
HIMSELF A
PROPHET!

K-- THE OLD
MAG CAN!

SO HE THINKS
LEONARDO IS A
MAGICIAN INSTEAD OF
A GREAT SCIENTIST
TO SHOW HIM MAGIC
OF MY OWN!

THESE WEAPONS ARE AS
DANGEROUS TO THEIR
WELDERS AS TO THEIR
VICTIMS!

WHY...?
BULLETS DON'T
HARM HIM? WELL,
MY SWORD WILL
FIX HIM!

SAYEST
THOU!

INCREDIBLE.
NO BLADE CAN BE
SO SHARP

AND NO FIST CAN BE
SO HARD... AAAA!

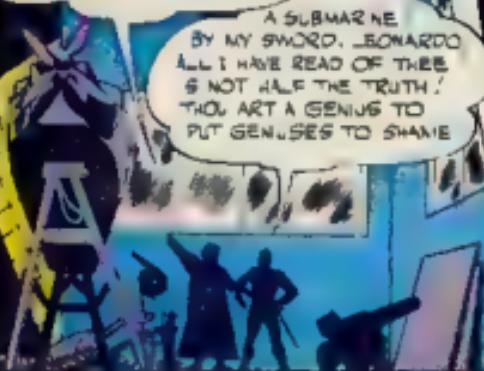
IT SEEMETH THAT
LUDOVICO HATH NO CHIN FOR
FIGHTING... AND HIS MEN NO
STOMACH!

HE IS A PATENT
VILLAIN AND WILL TRY
AGAIN. BUT LET US
FORGET HIM FOR THE
WHILE AND GO TO MY
HOME AS A FELLOW
SCIENTIST. YOU MAY
BE INTERESTED...

HERE IS AN IRON TUBE TO
THROW HEAVY STONES
INTO AN ENEMY'S RANKS!
I NEED BUT TO BOIL
WATER IN THIS
CHAMBER.

BY MY
HAL DOME,
A CANNON
OPERATED BY
STEAM

AND THIS IS A VESSEL THAT CAN TRAVEL UNDER WATER



A SUBMARINE
BY MY SWORD, LEONARDO
ALL I HAVE READ OF THEE
IS NOT HALF THE TRUTH!
THOU ART A GENIUS TO
PUT GENIUSES TO SHAME

HERE IS A PORTRAIT
I PAINTED!

THE WOMAN IS A
MASTERPIECE!



I DO NOT DESERVE
YOUR FLATTERY, KNIGHT.
MANY OF MY INVENTIONS
SEEM CLEVER...
BUT THEY FAIL
THIS TIME-MACHINE,
FOR EXAMPLE

WHAT
SAEST THOU?
A TIME MACHINE?
AH, HOW FORTUNATE
I WAS TRANSPORTED
TO YOUR TIME! THOU
ART THE ONE MAN IN ANY
AGE WHO CAN HELP
ME

I MUST RETURN TO MY
OWN TIME AND THOU HAST
THE POWER TO SEND
ME

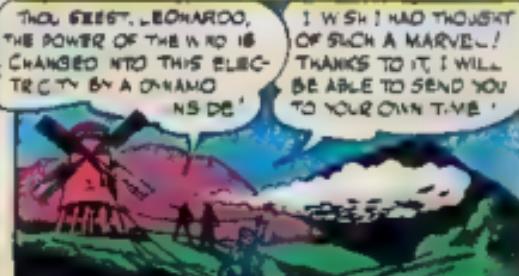
HMM, THIS MACHINE IS
LIKE THE DUMMIES, BUT
NONE THE LESS ARE
THERE DIFFERENCES!
I WONDER...



I HAVE IT, LEONARDO. THE
DUMMY'S MACHINE USED
ELECTRICITY... THINE DOST
NOT FOR ELECTRICITY'S
NOT YET DISCOVERED!

WHAT IS
THIS
ELECTRICITY?

LEONARDO'S POWERFUL MIND ABSORBS
THE SHINING KNIGHT'S EXPLANATION
LIKE A SPONGE ABSORBING WATER!
SOME TIME LATER...



THOU SEEEST, LEONARDO,
THE POWER OF THE WIND IS
CHANGED INTO THIS ELECTRICITY
BY A DYNAMO
INSIDE!

I WISH I HAD THOUGHT
OF SUCH A MARVEL!
THANKS TO IT, I WILL
BE ABLE TO SEND YOU
TO YOUR OWN TIME!

AND THAT I THINK IS SOME
CENTURIES IN THE PAST

T WAS LEONARDO...
BUT IT IS NO MORE. NOW
IS MY TIME IN THE FUTURE.
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—
ONE TO BE EXACT



IT SHOULD TAKE BUT
LITTLE TIME TO DISPOSE
OF THE RASCAL AND THOU
ART TOO GREAT A MAN FOR
THE WORLD TO SPARE THEE



THESE CROSS-
BOWS REALLY

THOU
WASTEST
THY TIME,
SCOUNDREL!
MY MAG' C MAIL
WARDS OFF BULLE—
AND ARROWS
AKE



A QUICK EXPLANATION
AND SOON...

THEN ONE DAY BE
BUT I MUST WARN YOU, KNIGHT...
THERE IS DANGER THIS
MACHINE IS UNTESTED...

THERE IS NEED FOR
HASTE. I WILL TAKE
THE RISK. MY COMRADES
MAY BE IN DANGER.



BUT BEFORE LEONARDO
CAN THROW THE SWITCH...

NO WAIT! HERE COMES
THAT VILE LUDOVICO...
I CANNOT LEAVE YOU ALONE
TO FACE HIM!

I WILL TAKE
CARE OF MYSELF,
(KNIGHT!) YOU
WORRY ABOUT
YOUR COMRADES!



BACK ROUGUE, EBB
THOU TASTE MY
FIST AGAIN!

YOU WON'T CATCH ME BY
SURPRISE THIS TIME AND
WE'VE GOT REAL WEAPONS
NOW



NAY, MY COUNTENANCE
IS GUARDED BY MY
OWN STALWART ARM!

AS THOU CANST
SEE,

WHY?
SHOOT AT HIS
FACE! THAT'S
UNPROTECTED



BUT AS SIR JUSTIN'S DUMFOUNDED OPPONENT DESPAIRS... THE MYSTERIOUS FATES INTERVENE IN THEIR OWN WEIRD FASHION!

WHY...? THESE BIRDS SWERVE SO SWIFTLY...

THE FALCON AND THE PIGEONS BEWILDER H.M.

HERE ONE SECOND, GONE THE NEXT! THE PIGEONS HAVE ESCAPED. BUT THEY HAVE LEFT MOST OF THE R FEATHERS

AND THE FEATHERS ARE BLINDING HIM! NOW IS MY CHANCE!



SWIFT HANDS SWATCH
AT THE TORN CANVAS...
AND AS THE FALLING FORM
BEGINS TO PLUMMET
DOWNWARD...

THE CANVAS IS
RIPPING... BUT THE RE-
SISTANCE SLOWS
MY DESCENT.
HOW TO RESCUE
LEONARDO?



BETTER THINK OF
BENEFITTING YOURSELF!
YOU'LL TALK... OR
ELSE I'LL TIE HIM TO
THE WHEEL, BOYS!



SUDDENLY...

START WHIRLING
H.M. AROUND, GIOVANNI.
WE'LL SEE HOW DIZZY
HE GETS BEFORE HE
MAKES UP HIS MIND
TO TALK!

HOLD, VARLETS.
H.M. AGAIN. BUT
HE SHOULD BE
DEAD, CRUSHED BY
HIS FALL FROM
THE WHEEL...



NAY, VARLET, I AM
NOT SO EASY TO
KILL!

HEY,
LEMME
DOWN!

AS THOU WILT,
VILE ROGUE!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT
H.M. BOYS. I'LL TAKE
CARE OF H.M.

THO
TAKEST
BRAVELY, BUT

I SEE THEE
QUAKE,
WRETCH.

SIR JUSTIN'S SWORD SLASHES THROUGH
HARD STONE LIKE SOFT BUTTER!

AND THOL W/LT QUAKE STILL
MORE WHEN MERLINS SHARP
EDGED BLADE CUTTETH THE
GROUND FROM BENEATH THY
FEET!

HELP

WHO HEEDS THE
MISCREANTS
CALL?

NOT
ME!
SA'D HED TAKE
CARE OF THE
KNIGHT HIMSELF!
LET HIM!

THE KEEN BLADE QUICKLY CUTS
LEONARDO'S BONDS, AND MO-
MENTS LATER...

THOU THYSELF SHALT
SUFFER THINE OWN
PUNISHMENT...INTL.
THOU PROMISE TO
LEAVE LEONARDO
IN PEACE!

I PROM SE...
I PROM SE...

SHOULD I READ IN
MY HISTORY THOL
HAST D'STURBED
LEONARDO AGAIN...
I WILL COME BACK
THROUGH THE CEN-
TURIES TO PUNISH
THEE'

OWW... I'M SO DIZZY,
THAT WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING MAKES
SENSE! BUT
DON'T WORRY,
I STAY AWAY
FROM HIM!

AND SO, SOME
TIME LATER...

FAREWELL,
KNIGHT... I HOPE
THAT NOTHING
GOES WRONG,
AND THAT YOU
REACH YOUR
OWN TIME
SAFELY!

FAREWELL,
LEONARDO.
THROW THE
SWITH!

HE'S GONE!

FORWARD THROUGH
TIME, THE SHINING KNIGHT
AND HIS MAGIC STYED
WHEELED ON...

METHINKS THIS IS THE DWARF'S
RETREAT. SUCCESS IS OURS,
VICTORY AND NOW TO RECALL
OUR COMRADES...

CHAPTER 7

AH, THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND
STRIPESY HOW HAPPY THEY WILL
BE TO RETURN FIRST, I
MUST FOCUS THE MACHINE
MORE SHARPEN...

LOOK WHAT'S
COMING, STRIPESY

AH A REAL
MEAL AT LAST, CO
ME BELLY'S BEEN CRYIN'
FOR THE STUFF SO LONG,
I DON'T BELIEVE IT'S
TRUE! I GOTTA
PINCH MYSELF!

SUDDENLY, A SHARP CLICK, AND THEN...

OHHH, I SHOULDN'TA
DONE THAT IT WAS A
MIRAGE ALL THAT
STUFF TO EAT HAS
DISAPPEARED!

NO WONDER' WAKE
UP, STRIPESY.
WE'RE BACK IN
OUR OWN TIME!

WELCOME HOME,
BRAVE COMRADES-
IN-ARMS!

WELL,
I BE... BUT GEE,
KNIGHT, YOU SHOULD'A
WAITED TILL I ATE
THAT MEAL!

AND NOW, IN QUICK SUCCESSION...

LOOK WING -
THE SHINING
KNIGHT HAS BROUGHT
US BACK!

PARSLEY.. WHAT
VILAINOUS SCOUNDREL
DARES TO...

BETTER GET
OUT OF THE HABIT
OF TALKING LIKE A
MUSKETEER, SPEEDY...

OWNE
T ME!

I SEE
MST' CLUNSON
LI HO GONNA
VISIT US



AND FINALLY SR JUSTIN REACHES BACK INTO ANCIENT ROME...

WHAT ILL DO TO DANNY FOR MAN! WE GO THROUGH THIS

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL GET THE CHANCE. RATHER... EXCUSE ME, MEAN PARDNER



THAT'S RIGHT, WE'RE FIGHTIN' AGAINST EACH OTHER NOW. WELL, WE'LL TAKE THE GOLD, SAW.

HMM... WHAT GOLD? THE KNIGHT DIDN'T BRING IT BACK WITH US!

THE MACHINE CANNOT OPERATE ON GOLD, ROGUES! THAT I LEARNED FROM LEONARDO!

AND ONE LAST CLICK OF THE SWING...

SO YA SAY, HEY TAN - DANNY, YOU FINALLY GOT IT ALONE, AROUND... IF THE SWING KEEPS WORKIN', WE GET HERE!

GET THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE LATER, EX-PARDNER



AND WHAT YOU'RE GUNNA GO T-ROUGH NOW?

AAAAA



CONRADES, WE NEED TO DISCUSS OUR ADVENTURES NOW! BUT ONE TASK REMAINS TO US:

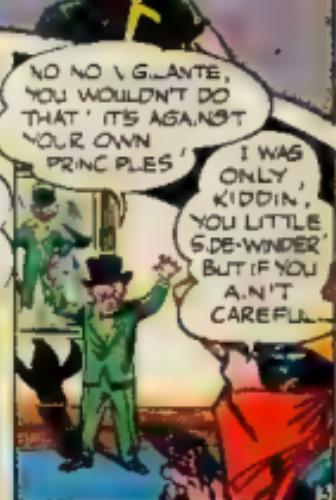
DUNNY NOT KNOW WE BACK...

Poor dumb DUNNY TO SMASH HIS OUTFIT FOR GOOD.

STILL SAY, BEWARE OF TRAPS THAT LITTLE COMOTE'S NIGHT TRICKS

IN THIS PIECE OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS DISPOSED OF, THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY MEET FOR A BRIEF COUNCIL OF WAR.





UNEXPECTEDLY...

HERE WE ARE,
BOSS WHAT DID YOU
CALL US FOR...
OH, I GET IT.

HE CALLED THEM?
BUT WE WAS
WATCHIN' HIM ALL
THE TIME...?

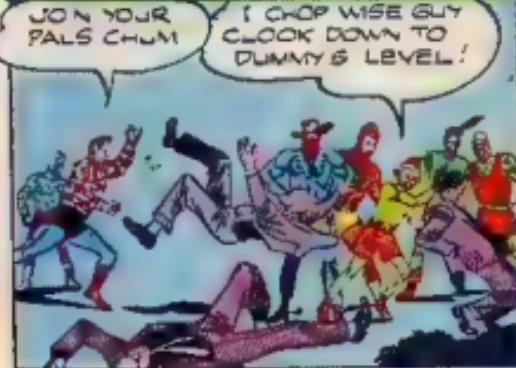
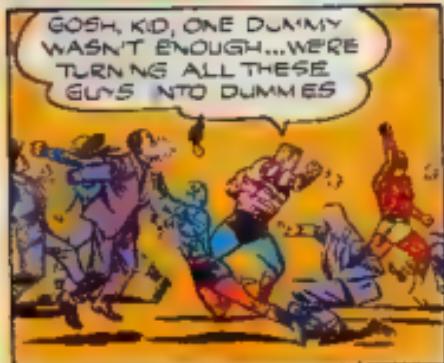
NEVER M NO
HOW HE MANAGED
IT, STR PESY..
WE'VE GOT WORK
TO DO... AA79...

EASY DOES
IT!

YOU MEAN
EASY CHAIR
DOES IT.



WITH THE SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY FIGHTING TOGETHER,
THE BATTLE IS SHORT, AND FOR THE VICTORS, SWEET...



TALKING OF THE
LITTLE VARMINT.
WHERE'S HE?

HE DIDN'T GET
OUT THROUGH THE
DOOR. I KEPT AN
EYE ON IT.

RIGHT, BUT I THINK
I KNOW HOW HE
ESCAPED.

NOTICE THE BUTTONS...
ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS
PRESS THEM AND CALL HIS
MEN! THAT'S ONE REASON
HE BACKED UP AGAINST
THE WALL! AND
THE OTHER...



IN THIS DOOR! IF WE HURRY, WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM!

IT'S UP TO US TO STOP H.M. SPEEDY! HE'S ARROWING FOR THE DOOR!

AND SO ARE WE!



BOWSTRINGS TWANG LIKE HARPS, AND SWIFT SHAFTS SING THROUGH THE AIR IN A SYMPHONY OF TERRIFYING SOUND...

STAY AWAY FROM THAT DOOR, LITTLE MAN!



YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET! I'LL STILL MANAGE TO GET AWAY!



BUT AS THE LEGIONNAIRES RUSH TOWARD THE DUMMY'S LAST HOPE OF ESCAPE...

KYLOODLIN' COYOTES! THE DUMMY THROWN AT LAST--BY ANOTHER DUMMY...

JUST AS HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!

CURSE THIS THING! IT WON'T LET ME GO!

AND WHETHER
WILL WE ONCE
WERE ON THE TRAIL
OF A LOWDOWN
SKUNK, WE FOLLOW IT
TO THE END!

IN ANY TIME IN
ANY CLIME, WE
MAKE HIM SORRY
HE RAN
ACROSS THE
SEVEN SOLDIERS
OF VICTORY!



The END

HEAD-WORK

by Bill Erwin

COACH FORBES' keen gray eyes looked at the gangling figure of Hap Henry, slumped in a chair in the Forbes' cosy living room. The Coach's daughter put down her knitting and forced a smile.

"Don't worry so much Hap," she said softly. "We'll get along without Horse. After all, Blake's basketball outfit has always functioned as a team."

Hap looked at her glumly, unable to say anything. He felt today's loss keenly. After all, as Captain of the Blake team he was supposed to lead the boys to victory. But it just seemed as if the bottom had dropped out of things. Certainly it had in the game today. After all, Universe was one of the weakest teams in the Inter-college League. But to beat crack Blake by one point!

Hap's lips worked. Horse, he said dully. "Let us down."

"Now now boy," Coach Forbes' voice was remonstrative. "I know how you feel. You and Horse Malone have played together on the same team for three years, and brought Blake U high into the front. He got up from his chair and walked over to Hap. "Three championships you two boys have had, Hap," he said. "But don't forget you had three big men behind you. Good men."

Hap essayed a smile, but didn't feel sure. Coach, I guess you're right. But I still can't figure out why I wanted to spend his last year with him." He raised his head again to the coach. "Can you?"

Coach Forbes shook his head, not answering. He was thinking, perhaps? would he better not to leave Hap to what action's had taken place. There was a good deal of talk around about Merton College and its subversive. Merton was a new school and it had a lot of rich backers, among them Tom

Meany the millionaire sportsman. Forbes knew Meany, knew that he backed only winners. He had to have winners. And there wasn't any doubt that happy go lucky and dumb, Horse Malone had listened to the bankroll. Only nobody could believe he prove it.

"We lost the championship with Horse," Hap said. She was confident. She looked brightly at Hap. "C'mon, sugar," she said. "I don't think D.J. will object to your breaking up in for a little soul down at the Pink Poodle." She looked at her father.

Coach Forbes grunted. Not this time, he said. Hap, it will do you good."

"Nope," Hap shook his head, rose from his chair. "If you'll both excuse me," he said, apologetically. "I think I'll go in." He knew it sounded rude, but he couldn't help it. Not tonight. He didn't think he'd feel this bad again.

The girl and her father closed the door close behind them. Their eyes met, just before the thought that showed in them.

It was the same thought that was troubling Hap. He had to be independent. Dependence, the thought that was pestering him, was bringing him down. Hap was sick and tired. He had to stand on his feet. He had to walk upright. He had to be strong.

Hap. The whisper came from the shadow of the ancient elms.

Hap stopped. "Horse."

The big guard disengaged himself from the shadows. I heard you were at the Coach's house, he said. I've been waiting for you."

Hap looked at him. "You could have come in. Why wait here?"

Hap laughed. "Well, you

know, I figured maybe they thought I let the team down." His voice sounded aggrieved. "After all, a guy's got a right to change his school. I just thought I wanted to graduate from Merton."

"Just thought?" Hap's heart leaped. "You mean you changed your mind? You're coming back?" Gosh, we need you, Horse." He grasped his former team mate's shoulder. "Come on we'll tell the coach."

"Hey, wait a minute." The big fellow disengaged himself from Hap's grip. "I didn't say that I just wanted to talk to you, Hap. Tell you about Merton." His voice rose enthusiastically. "It's a swell school, Hap, and you and me could sure put their basketball team over. Why the way we've been playing together all these years—nobody could stop us. And you should see the equipment! That is, Meany sure spreads himself. What's the matter?" He stopped, noticing the sudden stiffening of Hap's shoulders.

"I've heard about Meany," Hap said dully. Even if Coach Forbes didn't think I have." His eyes brightened. "What are they saying, you, Horse?"

Horse bit his lip. Then, "What do you mean? I've always paid and you know it." His voice rose angrily. "And you think it's only because I'm poor? I've come dough enough to stand on my own feet. I've got to be independent. I've got to be strong. I've got to be a man!"

Hap winced under the vice-like grip. His face in the darkness showed white. "Okay, Horse," he said. "You don't get paid." His eyes glistened. "And you can go back and tell Meany for me that pay or not I'd never quit my team mates and my school."

Horse's grip relaxed. "Okay,"

he said. "No need to get mad. Shakes?" He held out his hand. Hap, still white-faced, looked at it. Then he turned and walked away, fighting to keep down the red-hot anger seething within him.

And then, suddenly, it was all clear to him. The things Ilsa used to tell him about Horse. How the latter really wasn't all he appeared to be. That beneath his friendly exterior was a cool calculating 'evel. "He's a money player," Ilsa had pronounced shrewdly. "And he'll always be where the money is."

Hap's teeth worried his lower lip. "And she's right," he told himself. "She's right. Nevertheless, he's one of the best basketball players in the country right now."

Yes, you couldn't take that away from Horse Maloney. He was a natural, a four letter man, a guy born to be an athlete. And he was always out to win. But could he do it without Hap Henry and three other thinking machines behind him?

That was a question the sportswriters asked and answered within the next few months. Meany had spared no money to get talent. He built a wonderful team around Horse Maloney and was rewarded by seeing the Merton five flag steadily ahead toward the Inter-college championships.

Meanwhile his old side kick Hap Henry seemed to have come out of his slump. The whole Blake team was fighting, fighting hard. They missed Horse Maloney no doubt about it. The winning scores, usually only a basket or two margin, showed this. But just the same they were wins and when the eve before the play off came around Blake was neck and neck with Merton.

Hap hadn't seen Horse again since that eventful evening under the eaves. Merton was located in a thriving city twenty miles from Blake U. And there Horse found plenty to amuse him. Night clubs, dancing, gambling—the Horse was in

his element, but because he was a natural athlete, this unnatural way of living didn't show on him.

"He's a wonder, that boy," Coach Forbes said, shaking his head. As was customary he played host to his team in his home the evening before the title game.

Ilsa surrounded by the players, pointed up. "You mean a blunder, Dad," she laughed.

Coach Forbes grunted across the room. "Don't think a wise crack will remove the threat," he said. "Just the same, I think my boys can beat him. What do you say, Hap?"

"We're sure going to try."

His teammates looked at him. In the old days, when he had been playing with Horse, Hap Henry had been full of fun. But now, he seldom showed any of his old humor. His face was thin, showing the strain under which he had been playing these past few months. Now, he repeated. "We're going to try. And Horse had better look out he doesn't trip himself."

Hap nodded. Yes, that was the only thing he had to hold onto. Horse had never used head work; brilliance and flashes had been his stock in trade. But good, clean thinking never! Just the same, the team he had rebuilt him sure was good.

And just how good they were, Hap Henry and the Blake five discovered the next evening. The auditorium was packed, and the cattle-crashed fans of both Blake and Merton were on the edge of their seats all evening as the game see-sawed back and forth.

On the hour, the ten men moved like puffs in a well-oiled precision machine. Not a word had passed between Hap Henry and Horse Maloney all during the ten fleeting minutes of the bitterly fought game.

Hap dribbling down the floor now, saw the white face of Coach Forbes watching him. On the opposite side of the court, Tom Meany, flamboyant

in Merton colors, roared at Horse Maloney to "Get him. Get that Blake flash!"

Hap side stepped, but Horse's long arm flashed out. The ball bounced to the center of the court. One of the Merton players retrieved it, snapped it back to a waiting guard.

Hap's eyes darted to the clock. Only seconds to go, and Merton was leading by one point. Another basket would clinch the title for them. His eyes focussed on Horse who was moving warily into position.

Hap's heart was pounding so hard it seemed to be slowing his feet.

"Swish!" There it was. The ball sailed through the air, straight into Horse Maloney's waiting hand. The big Horse grunted. His strategy had worked to perfection. He had managed to get free and now the ball was his, to work down the court just as he had been doing all season. The title was in the bag!

He loped down. Suddenly, he looked up as a familiar figure cut toward the Merton basket and stretched out its hand suddenly "Horse here!"

Horse snapped the ball! And then he roared with rage as the realization of what he had done struck him. He had thrown the ball to Tom Henry on the opposite side. The habit of years had suddenly turned to become his curse.

He dashed wildly across the court. It was too late. Already Hap had the ball, shot it to the waiting Blake forward and two points, to win the game just as the whistle blew. Blasts with rage, Horse plunged at Hap, who sidestepped. There was a sharp crack as the huge Merton forward struck his own bench with his head and lay still.

Pandemonium broke loose in the gym then, and Horse was momentarily forgotten. But not by Hap Henry who was trying to release Ilsa Forbes' arms from his neck. "I've got to help Horse," he said, grinning. "After all, for once he used his head!"

MIDNIGHT MJONES





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who would com-
pete to make
greater human
beings. This is my
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Charles Atlas
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grip, make those legs of yours live and
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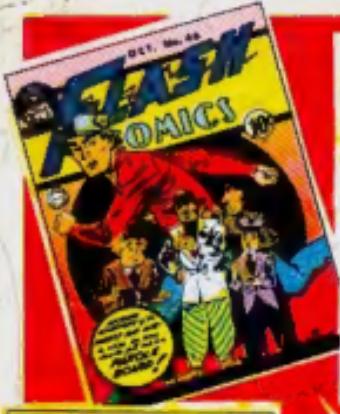
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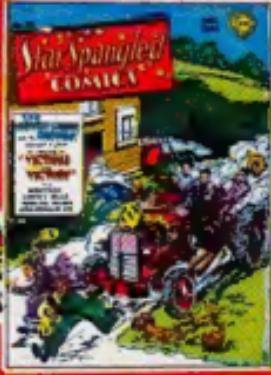
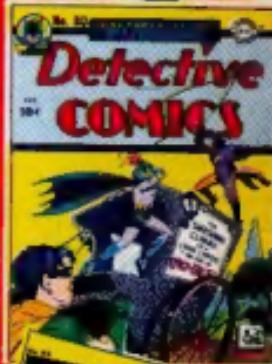
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